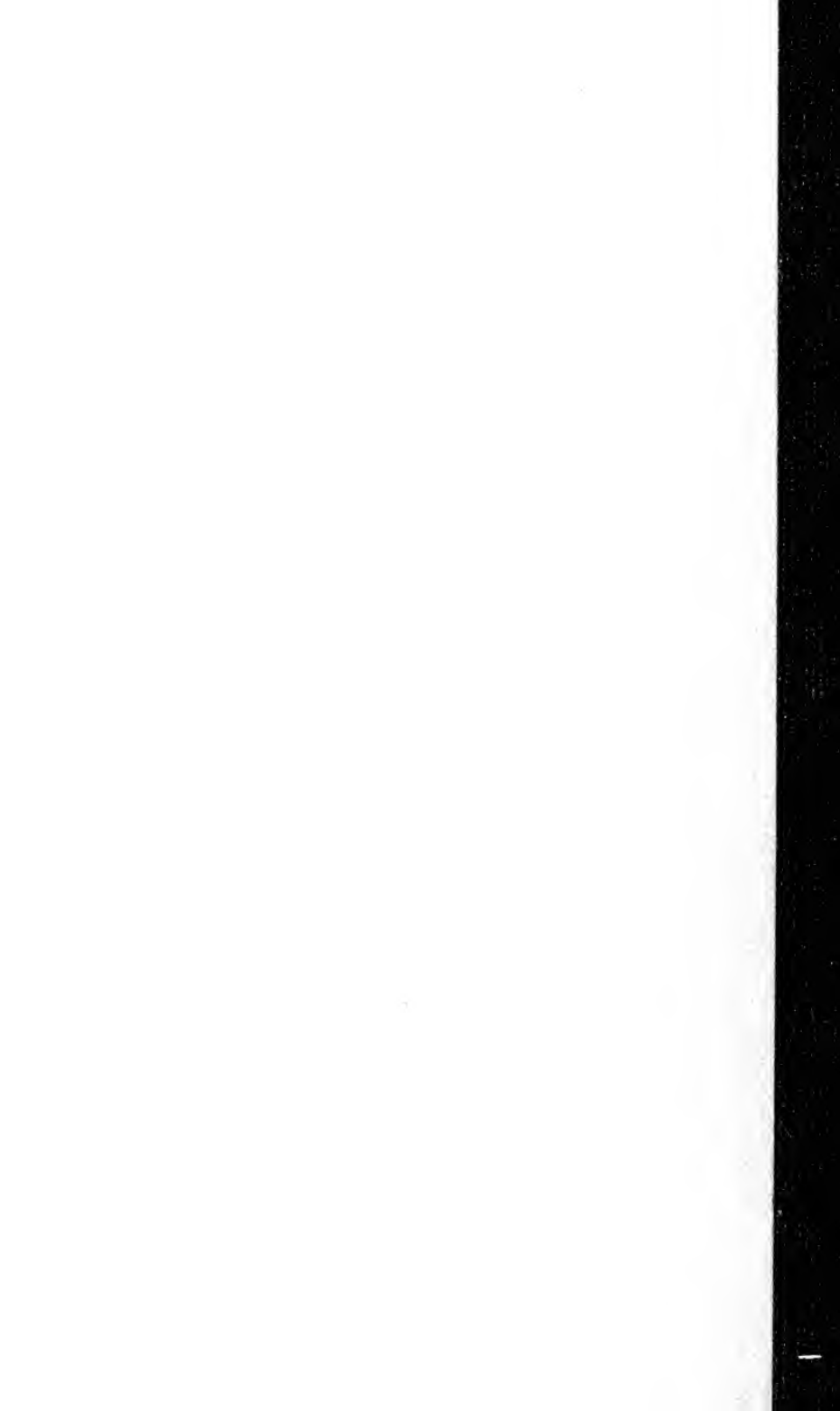


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ERRATA.

For "January, 1889," on Title-page, read March, 1889.

" "fourteen" on Page 7, line 23 " thirteen.

" "*regimé*" " 17, " 6 " *regime*.

" "weakness" " 25, " 1 " weaknesses.

" "chronicle" " 33, " 13 " chronicler.

" "enterprizing" " 40, " 17 " enterprising.



PREFATORY NOTE.

THE HALIBURTON was established in February, 1884. It was the outcome of a desire, on the part of certain leading graduates and undergraduates, to further in some degree the development of a distinctive literature in Canada. As a tributary to this aim, the founders proposed the collection of Canadian books and manuscripts, and of works bearing upon our history and our literature.

The Society was appropriately named for one who was at the same time the most distinguished son of King's and the most important figure in Canadian letters. It was resolved that the Society, while extending its connections as widely as possible, should retain its centre perpetually at King's; and to this end it was made requisite of all the officers that they should be resident at the College or in the Town of Windsor.

The first President of the Society was the present Vice-President, MR. H. PERCY SCOTT. The other officers were as follows:—

MR. C. A. SAUNDERS, Vice-President.

MR. JAMES SIMONDS, Secretary.

MR. J. A. PICKETT, Treasurer.

MR. C. E. A. SIMONDS, Historian.

The meetings of the Society are held fortnightly,

during term, at the dwellings of resident members. At these meetings, which are very informal, the time is occupied chiefly with papers bearing on Canadian history and literature, with the discussion arising out of these papers, and with readings from Haliburton and other Canadian authors.

The Society has been gratifyingly successful in extending its membership list, and in maintaining among its members an effective enthusiasm. Its powers of usefulness are growing rapidly, and its promoters have already been allowed to see some appreciable realization of their aims.

The Society proposes to issue a series of annual publications. It esteems itself fortunate in having been able to secure, for the initial number of the series, this work of its distinguished member, Mr. F. Blake Crofton. Mr. Crofton's study was read before the Nova Scotia Historical Society; but it was deemed appropriate that its publication should be undertaken by THE HALIBURTON.

The portrait of Judge Haliburton is from a photograph taken when he was at the age of sixty. The photograph was procured through the kindness of a member of Judge Haliburton's family.

C. G. D. R.

*"Kingscroft," Windsor, N. S.,
January 10th, 1889.*

*THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.

IN the eyes of the English-speaking world, outside of the Dominion of Canada, Haliburton is the most prominent man of letters yet produced in any existing Province of British North America. Within the last few years three of his works have been republished by one London house (Geo. Routledge & Sons) and no less than six by another (Hurst & Blackett), and some new editions have also been issued in the United States.

Yet in Canada, whose rights and interests he zealously maintained in his parliamentary speeches as well as in his books, he is not generally given his rightful place of honor. In a somewhat flippant *resumé* of "English-Canadian Literature" in *The Week* (Toronto) of August 28, 1884, written by a New Brunswick *littérateur*, Haliburton is not even referred to! And even Nova Scotia, whose resources he has done more than any other human being to make known, has not yet given him his due precedence among her more eminent sons. His biographer in the "Bibliotheca Canadensis" has illustrated this comparative lack of appreciation for Haliburton in the land of his birth by pointing out that, shortly after his own college gave him the honorary de-

*This sketch contains the substance of two papers read by the author before the N. S. Historical Society last winter. Some changes and additions, however, have been made.

gree of M. A., the great University of Oxford found him worthy of the higher degree of D. C. L.

It is likely, however, that eventually Nova Scotia will accord him his proper place among her illustrious sons. Certainly there has been of late years a revival of local interest in Haliburton, as is evidenced by the formation of the Haliburton Club at Windsor, whose President is Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, himself one of the most eminent Canadian authors. This revived interest has been recently fanned, here as well as elsewhere, by the champions of Imperial Federation and by the censors of the expatriation of the Acadians, who have been widely quoting Haliburton in support of their opinions.

This is not a biographical sketch of Judge Haliburton, but a slight study of him as a writer, thinker and observer. While companions and children of a celebrity are alive, it is too soon to write his life with that minuteness of detail with which his prominence entitles him to be treated. Every dead celebrity has been human: he has had some personal weaknesses; he has done some wrong deeds. If you attempt faithfully to point out the former and to condemn the latter, you pain his family, and possibly lead to hot and angry disputes. If you ignore his failings, your picture is not true to nature; it is all light and no shade; it loses its interest as well as its value. It may, however, smooth the way for Haliburton's future biographer, if I step aside from my task to correct a few strange errors which have come under my notice.

Whoever wrote the short sketch of Haliburton in

Allibone's Dictionary of English Literature evidently confuses our Nova Scotian *author* with his chief *creation*, "Sam Slick." Judge Haliburton, according to this bewildered biographer, "in 1842 visited England *as an attaché of the American Legation (!)*, and in the next year embodied the results of his observations in his amusing work 'The Attaché; or Sam Slick in England.'" This curious mistake had previously been made by the British "Annual Register" for 1865, in its obituary of the Judge.

Both the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography" make grave chronological blunders in their articles upon our author. Haliburton was appointed Chief Justice of the Inferior Courts of Common Pleas for the Middle Division of Nova Scotia (an office which, by the way, is misnamed in both these publications) in the year 1829. He was made a Judge of the Supreme Court in 1841. He resigned the latter office early in 1856, and soon afterwards took his final departure for England. But the "Encyclopædia Britannica" says, "Within two years (of his appointment) he resigned his seat on the bench"—an error of just fourteen years! "The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography" makes a smaller blunder, fixing the date of his resignation only six years before the event. "In 1847," it observes, "Mr. Haliburton contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* a story entitled 'The Old Judge.' Three years later Mr. Haliburton resigned his colonial judgeship, and exchanged the narrow field of colonial life for the wider sphere of political life in England." "The Bibliotheca Canadensis"

states erroneously that the Courts of Common Pleas in Nova Scotia were abolished, and Haliburton appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court in 1840. Both events occurred in 1841.

The books which narrate the sayings and doings of the celebrated Samuel Slick, of Slickville, are, in their chronological order, "The Clockmaker," "The Attaché," "Wise Saws," and "Nature and Human Nature." Two others, "The Letter-Bag of the Great Western" and "The Bubbles of Canada," are also attributed to Mr. Slick as their author, as may be gathered from the last letter in the former and from the dedication of the latter work. But Sam Slick does not personally figure in either.

The First Series of "The Clockmaker," which first appeared in *The Nova Scotian* in 1835 and 1836, was published in book form in Halifax and London in 1837. The Second Series was issued in 1838; the Third in 1840. In most later editions the three series make one volume. The cute dodges of the clockmaker in pushing his trade are said to have been reminiscences of suits tried by Haliburton, and brought by an itinerant vendor of clocks for the payment of notes given him for his time-pieces. In the first chapter of "The Attaché" its ostensible writer speaks of "The Clockmaker" as an accidental hit, a success which he did not purpose to imperil by experimenting in other literary lines. "When Sam Slick," he says, "ceases to speak, I shall cease to write." But Haliburton's self-confidence grew with his fame, and he failed to keep this modest resolution.

"The Attaché," the two series of which appeared respectively in 1843 and 1844, was probably suggested by Dickens' "American Notes," which had been published early in 1842. After deprecating Slick's lively indignation at the latter book, "the Squire" observes, in "The Attaché:"—"If the English have been amused by the sketches *their* tourists have drawn of the Yankees, perhaps the Americans may laugh at *our* sketches of the English." "The Attaché," however, is not uniformly satirical. Slick's own descriptions of persons and things in this work are indeed, as they are meant to be, generally jaundiced caricatures. But some social sketches by other personages are drawn with strict fidelity, and some even with a slight partiality for England. The sub-title of this book, "Sam Slick in England," has been made the only title in some editions.

This last remark may be made also of "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," which has been given to the public, at least once, under its second title of "Sam Slick in search of a Wife." "Wise Saws" made its appearance some time between the second part of "The Attaché" and "Nature and Human Nature." This last work is a continuation of "Wise Saws," and concludes the record of the sayings and doings of the redoubted Sam Slick.

The earliest of Judge Haliburton's works, excepting a pamphlet published in 1824, was his "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," published in Halifax in 1829. His opinion that the expulsion of the Acadians was unjustifiable has often been quoted in recent controversies, and so has his misleading

statement that there were "no traces of this important event among the records" at Halifax, and that "the particulars of this affair seem to have been carefully concealed." It may therefore be well to put on record once more that Haliburton was not a very painstaking searcher of documents. Indeed, as some gentlemen still living can testify, he was content to obtain many of his facts and statistics vicariously. Had he been more industrious in his researches, he would doubtless have found in the Province Building the important papers on the subject of the expatriation which have since been arranged (and some of them printed) by Mr. T. B. Akins.

There is now no doubt that our author's History tinctured Longfellow's picture of the expulsion. "The poet," says his brother and biographer, "read such books as were attainable; Haliburton, for instance, with his quotations from the Abbé Raynal." But may not the publication of Haliburton's History have been a link in the chain of incidents that led to the *inception* of "Evangeline?" The tale of the separated Acadian lovers, it is well known, was told to Longfellow by Hawthorne, who had heard it from his friend, the Rev. H. L. Conolly, at one time rector of a church in South Boston. "The incident had been related to him by a parishioner of his, Mrs. Haliburton," writes the Rev. Samuel Longfellow. This was Mrs. George Haliburton, an aunt by marriage of the Judge's. Is it not likely that her attention was first drawn to the Acadians by the touching description of their virtues and their woes in the History written by her nephew?

Haliburton himself does not seem to have thought very highly of his History in later years. In chapter 9 of the second series of "The Clockmaker," the Squire refers to it slightly as "Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia, which, next to Mr. Josiah Slick's History of Cuttyhunk in five volumes, is the most important account of unimportant things I have ever seen."

Our author's second historical book was "The Bubbles of Canada," a series of letters on Canada and the Imperial Colonial policy, purporting to be written by Sam Slick, in 1838, but showing none of the clockmaker's peculiarities of diction. The last letter ends with a quasi-prophetic warning:—"The fate of Canada will determine that of all the colonies. The retreat of the soldiers will invite the incursions of the barbarians, and the withdrawal of the legions, like those of Rome, from the distant parts of the empire will show that England, conscious of her present weakness and past glories, is contracting her limits and concentrating her energies to meet, as becomes her character, the destiny that awaits all human greatness." The drift and aim of the work are shown in these closing words, as well as in the characteristic note beneath, in which the author urges ironically that a tree "would be much more vigorous, if the branches, with their prodigious expenditure on the leaves, were all lopped off, (for it is a well-known fact that the trunk supplies the branches with sap, and not the branches the trunk), and that the stem would be larger, stronger and better without such useless and expensive appendages."

"Rule and Misrule of the English in America," the

last of Haliburton's historical works, appeared in 1851. It is a general history of the British Colonies on this continent, valuable for its philosophic comments and its thoughtfully reasoned theories of colonial government.

"The Letter-Bag of the Great Western, or Life in a Steamer," first published in 1839, is a collection of letters supposed to be written by various passengers from England to America in the famous steamship of that name. These letters contain not only comments upon life at sea, but the writers' reflections on the country they are leaving or the country they are going to—a plan which enables the author to present us with some lively studies in his favorite subject, human nature. Among the best of the letters is the characteristic missive of the Stoker. The lament of the crack English coachdriver is also true to nature, and pathetic as well. He was emigrating because railroads had driven him from one line of coaches after another. Picturesque travelling was giving way to convenient travelling, and he could stand it no longer. "Coaches is done in England," he sighs, "and so is gentlemen. * * So I am off to a place they calls Nova Scotia where they have more sense and won't have a rail. * * * Arter all," mourns this disconsolate Jehu, "it is a hard thing for the like of me as has drove the first coach and the first team in all England * to end my days among bad hosses, bad coaches and bad 'arness. * * Leather springs and lynch pins instead of patent axles and liptics. No sign board, no mile stones—no Tom and Jerry, no gin and bitters—coachman and no guards

—hills and dales and no levels—no barmaids, postboys nor seven mile stages; and what is wus and wus, wages and no tip.”

In 1846 and 1847 Haliburton contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* a series of papers, which in 1849 were collected in the book entitled, “The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony.” This work depicts various phases of life in Acadie in the earlier part of this century. As in the “Sam Slick” series, the plot is a mere thread on which to string facts, jests and opinions. Little interest seems to be invited, and certainly none is aroused, for the English traveller who listens to and notes the Old Judge's tales, and adds his own experiences to them. In works designed to inform as much as to amuse, this weakness of the main plot is not an unmixed defect, if it be a defect at all. One is not irritated by Haliburton's innumerable digressions so much as by the far fewer interludes which break the continuity of Victor Hugo's thrilling romances. Hugo's episodes are charmingly told, it is true, but then it is intolerable to be asked to contemplate even the loveliest landscape when one is looking at an exciting race. One can, however, turn aside without impatience to read the monologues in “The Old Judge.” Some of them, like the chapter on “The Seasons,” are rather long, it is true, for any reader with only a slight appetite; but they are all germane to the author's design to give outsiders a fair idea of Nova Scotia. The Old Judge's opinions, by the way, seem to march pretty closely with Haliburton's own.

“Traits of American Humour” and “Americans at Home” (also published under the title of “Yankee

Stories") are merely collections of tales, mirthful or marvellous, edited by Haliburton, but culled from American books and periodicals.

His latest work was "The Season Ticket," a series of miscellaneous notes made and conversations reported by a Mr. Shegog, the holder of a season ticket on an English railroad. The papers which comprise this work were first published anonymously in *The Dublin University Magazine*, in 1858 and 1859, and were afterwards sold by the author, with the right of attaching his name thereto, to Messrs. Bentley and Son. By this firm the copyright of the papers was resold to Frederick Warne & Co., who published them in book form. Owing perhaps to the fact that "The Season Ticket" appeared originally without the author's name, and that it deals mainly, though not exclusively, with British topics, this book seems almost unknown in Nova Scotia. Indeed, none of Judge Haliburton's friends or relations in the Province, with whom I have spoken on the subject, were aware of the existence of this work. One of them having at first doubted the authenticity of the book, and its name being omitted in Allibone's Dictionary, the Bibliotheca Canadensis, and every other list of Haliburton's works which I had seen, I wrote to Messrs. Warne & Co., and by their courtesy ascertained the facts stated above. The papers in *The Dublin University Magazine* are correctly credited to Haliburton in the last edition of the *Index to Periodical Literature*—a publication which generally succeeds in tracing the authorship of unsigned articles. "The Season Ticket" is important to the student of Haliburton, show-

ing as it does, that his conservative and imperialistic views, and his opinions of the resources and needs of Nova Scotia and Canada, were not materially changed in his old age. In this book, too, we may be sure that the author expresses himself absolutely without fear or favor, for it was evidently designed to remain anonymous. Otherwise he would hardly have been bold enough to make a gentleman (p. 123) group him with the two greatest writers of the day and scoff as follows, apparently at the influential Athenæum Club, of which Haliburton was a member :—"Defend me from a learned Club like mine!" observes Mr. Cary. "The members are not genial, and they must be incurable, when such men as Thackeray, Sam Slick, and Dickens, who (to their credit be it spoken) are all smokers, can't persuade them"—to have a smoking room.

I have now noticed all of Haliburton's books, unless one credited to him in Morgan's "*Bibliotheca Canadensis*," but seemingly unknown to all his other biographers and friends, is really his. This is "*Kentucky, a tale*." London, 1834. 2 vols., 12 mo."

Besides his books Haliburton published a few pamphlets, including "*A General Description of Nova Scotia*," a precursor of his *History*; "*A Reply to Lord Durham's Report*;" and a couple of speeches delivered in Great Britain.

* * * * *

Judge Haliburton was an Epicurean philosopher, modified a little, for the better by Christianity, and for the worse by practical politics. He loved fun and crea-

ture comforts. He smoked a great deal, he drank moderately, and he did not try to conceal these weaknesses.

It must be admitted that he sometimes carried his love of fun to unseemly lengths, and *that* even on the bench. A well-known ex-governor of this Province humorously describes how on one occasion, when a very young lawyer, he was conducting a cause before Haliburton, and how, during his examination of a certain witness he was pleased to observe his lordship apparently making careful and continuous notes. All the time, however, the judge had been merely sketching a caricature of the witness, who was afflicted with a most colossal and peculiar nose! This sketch he afterwards showed to the youthful barrister, much to his surprise and disillusionment. It cannot be denied, either, that Haliburton's keen relish for the ludicrous has sometimes made him stoop to unmistakable *doubling entendres*. In palliation of some of these, at least, it may be urged that their wit preponderates over their grossness.


Our author makes his "Old Judge" declare himself to be "in religion a Churchman, and in politics a conservative, as is almost every gentleman in these colonies." It would, however, be absurd to charge Haliburton with originating the modern Canadian Tory nickname, "the party of gentlemen." This phrase must have been the offspring of somebody whose idea of a gentleman was much more expanded and democratic than Haliburton's. Our author's tastes and instincts, however, were both conservative and aristocratic. He disliked innovations, unless they were unquestionable improvements. Certain articles of furniture, some of

Good
H. H.


them solid, but others lighter and flimsier, "are types," says the Old Judge, "of the new and old generation ; for, alas, it is to be feared that what has been gained in appearance has been lost in substance, in things of far more value and importance." Haliburton would have liked to see the old *regimé* restored in France, minus the feudal prerogatives whose abuse occasioned the Revolution. Before that uprising, says his ideal divine, Mr. Hopewell, (*Attaché*, c. 38), France had "a clergy of gentry." "A mild, tolerant, gentle, humble creed, like that of a christian, should be taught and exemplified by a gentleman ; for nearly all his attributes are those of a christian. This is not theory. An Englishman is himself a practical example of the benefits resulting from the union between the Church and State, and the clergy and the gentry." In these and many other of his utterances Mr. Hopewell is evidently voicing the Judge's own views, tinctured by his affectionate intercourse with the venerable Abbé Ségogne, an exile of the Revolution.

Failing a union of Church and State, Mr. Hopewell believed in fixed stipends and fixed tenure for clergymen. Where their bread and butter depends upon their flock, there must be, he thought, a temptation to preach only *popular* doctrines. He is made to describe his own humiliating experiences. He was "catechised like a converted heathen." Various parishioners refused to pay their contributions ; one because the pastor didn't join the temperance society and therefore "countenanced drunkenness ;" another because he smoked, and tobacco was raised by slaves ; another because he

prayed for a rascally President ; another because he was too Calvinistic ; another because he was Arminian. In consequence this excellent parson was well nigh starved. Under the voluntary system, thought Haliburton, a minister is in danger either of losing his soul to save his body, or of losing his body to save his soul.



Our author disapproved of voting by ballot and universal suffrage. To the latter Mr. Hopewell traced the repudiation of their debts by certain States of the Union. "When we speak," he said, "of the honor of the American people and of the English people we speak of two different things, because the word people is not used in the same sense. * * The question of payment or non-payment in the repudiating States has been put to every male in those States over the age of twenty-one, and repudiation has been the result," (*Attaché*, c. 52). And he declared that the national debt of England would also be repudiated, if the decision rested with all the adults of the United Kingdom. "Now," observed the same reverend gentleman to Sam Slick, at a time when the franchise was still restricted, "now men of property and education make laws to govern rogues and vagabonds, but by your beautiful scheme of universal suffrage rogues and vagabonds will make laws to govern men of property and character."



Judge Haliburton even opposed the granting of responsible government to the colonies. Mr. Hopewell is made to utter a set tirade against it in "*The Attaché*," (c. 43). And Mr. Slick concurs with his sentiments on the subject.

Our author held that the tyranny of mobs and

majorities may be quite as bad and unbearable as that of despots. This opinion is expressed at length by "the Squire" in his parallel between Russia and the United States, and by Mr. Hopewell in his parallel between the latter country and Great Britain, with its constitutional antidotes to ephemeral fads and frenzies. These parallels are to be found, respectively, in chapters 12 and 15 of the Second Series of "The Clockmaker."

Under democratic forms of government, Mr. Hopewell thought, the parable of the bramble, elected King of trees, is perpetually illustrated. "The olive, the fig and the vine decline the honor. Content to remain in the sphere in which Providence has placed them, performing their several duties in a way creditable to themselves and useful to the public, they prefer pursuing the even tenor of their way to being transplanted into the barren soil of politics, where a poisonous atmosphere engenders a feeble circulation and a sour and deteriorated fruit. Republicanism has caused our country to be overrun by brambles. The Reform Bill has greatly increased them in England, and responsible government has multiplied them tenfold in the colonies."

The ultra conservatism of our author peeps forth again in the clockmaker's funny classification of colonial patriots, (Clockmaker, 3, c. 13). His "true patriot," it will be noticed, is simply a high-minded tory, "who supports existin' institutions as a whole, but is willin' to mend or repair any part that is defective."

But staunch a conservative as he was, Haliburton could see and deplore some wrongs and abuses that pro-

fessed levelers wholly ignored. He puts touching words into the mouth of a poor Indian (Clockmaker, 2, c. 20) pleading for his right to cut uncultivated timber. And he evidently deprecated the custom (not wholly obsolete in these Provinces to-day) of delegating the maintenance of paupers to the lowest bidder.

Politics, in our author's estimation, was a poor and overcrowded business everywhere, but especially in the colonies. "It would amuse, or rather I should say disgust you," says Barclay in "The Old Judge," to see how men and not measures, office and not principle, is at the bottom of our colonial politics." Sam Slick suggested that a law should be enacted against quack politicians, as being infinitely more dangerous than quack doctors. In spite, however, of his pessimistic views about politicians, Haliburton believed that neither political party, here or elsewhere, would think so bitterly of the other party if it studied its aims and arguments faithfully and thoroughly. But this is well-nigh impossible, for as the clockmaker observed, "both are fooled and gulled by their own designing champions."

* * * * *

To this petty game of politics he lamented that his countrymen devoted far too much attention; and he exhausted his stores of epigram and ridicule in trying to open their eyes to the fact. If Cumberland folk, said Sam Slick, would attend more to rotations than elections, and to top-dressing than re-dressing, it would be well for them. To a fisherman who boasted that he had come from the biggest political meeting he ever

saw, Slick retorted that by so doing he had missed the biggest meeting *he* had ever seen—of mackerel. Haliburton felt the truth of Goldsmith's lines :—

“How small, of all that human hearts endure,
The part which laws or Kings can cause or cure !”

Yet he saw too many of his countrymen waiting inertly for political panaceas, or else wasting their energy in clamoring for them. One third of the day, according to Mr. Slick, was usually given to work, two thirds of it was “blowin’ time.” “What the Irish and machinery don’t do for ’em,” says Steve Richardson, “they expect legislators to do.” Nova Scotians, says another of Haliburton’s characters, have “everything but enterprise, and that, I do believe in my soul, they expect to find a mine of and dig out of the earth as they do coal.”

It is singularly characteristic of Haliburton that he attributed these alleged failings of his countrymen partly to “the almost universal suffrage that exists in the Province.” “Where the lower orders form the majority of electors,” observed the Old Judge, “their vanity is appealed to and not their judgment—their passions and not their reason ; and the mass, instead of being elevated in intelligence by the exercise of political power, is lowered by the delusion and craft of which it is made the willing victim. Nova Scotians have been so often assured that they are the ablest, the wisest and best of men, though their rulers are both ignorant and corrupt, and that they have a rich and fertile country, blessed with a climate more salubrious and agreeable than that of any other part of the world, they begin to

think that law and not industry, government and not enterprise is all that is wanting.” And certainly if the electors were actually persuaded that they possessed every moral and material factor of prosperity, and nevertheless were *not* prosperous, they would be easily induced to lay the blame on their government and to concentrate their efforts to reverse its disastrous policy. “If any man were to say to them that their winters are long and severe, their springs late, cold and variable * ; or venture to assert that, although the Province abounds with mineral wealth, skill and capital and population are necessary to its successful development ; or that, although the innumerable streams that intersect the country in every direction are admirably adapted for manufactories, the price of labor is yet too high to render such speculations safe or profitable ; and, above all, to tell them that they are idle, conceited and ignorant ;” the result would be, in the Old Judge’s opinion, that the demagogues would denounce him as “an enemy to the people, a vile slanderer and a traitor to his country.”

According to Mr. Slick, Nova Scotians yielded to laziness and procrastination *without any loss of self-esteem*. Like many other sluggards, they had their conscientious reasons :—“When the spring comes and the fields are dry enough to be sowed, they have all to be plowed, ‘cause fall rains wash the lands too much for fall plowin’. Well, the plows have to be mended and sharpened, ‘cause what’s the use of doin’ that afore it’s wanted? Well, the wheat gets in too late, and then comes rust, but whose fault is that? Why, the

climate, to be sure, for Nova Scotia aint a bread country."

The same acute observer attributed the more general business success of the Yankees mainly to their more persistent industry. *Their* farmers had an endless round of employment, as explained in detail in "The Clockmaker" (1, c. 23). "Instead of racin' over the country, like a young doctor, to show how busy a man is that has nothin' to do, as Bluenose does, and then takes a 'blowin' time,' *we* keep a rael travellin' gait, an eight-mile-an-hour pace, the whole year round."

But, though he freely criticised his countrymen's faults, with a view to their reform, Judge Haliburton also recognised and advertised the many advantages of his native province. There is an enthusiastic enumeration of its natural resources in the second series of "The Clockmaker," chapter 19, where Slick foretells that Nova Scotia is destined to have the greatest trade, the greatest population, the most manufactures, and the most wealth of any state this side of the water." The most intelligent and high-minded of the personages introduced in "The Season Ticket" draws a flattering picture of the Maritime Provinces, closing in these words: "There is no point in Nova Scotia more than thirty miles distant from navigable water. The whole of the borders of the latter province are washed by the ocean, which in that region furnishes one of the most extensive and valuable fisheries in the world. Nova Scotia abounds with coal, iron ore, gypsum, grindstone, slate, lead, manganese, plumbago, copper, &c., which being recently lib-

erated from the monopoly under which they have so long been excluded from public competition, will soon attract the capital and skill requisite for their development. It is the most eastern part of America, and of course the nearest to Europe. It is not too much to say that its wonderful mineral wealth, its noble harbours, its fertile soil, its extensive fisheries, its water powers, its temperate climate, arising from its insular position, and last, not least, its possession of the winter outlet, and through passage by railway, from England to New Brunswick, Canada and the United States, all indicate that it is destined for an extended commerce, for the seat of manufactories, the support of a large population, and for wielding a controlling power on the American continent."

These and other good words said of Nova Scotia in "The Season Ticket," which was published anonymously and after the author had finally left the Province, cannot have been written to win local popularity, but from a genuine appreciation of his native land.

* To attain the prosperity which nature seemed to have destined for them Nova Scotians wanted, according to Haliburton, more zeal and concentration in their work; less attention to politics (though not less watchfulness of political place-holders); less false pride (which set some people against agriculture and other honorable industries); more confidence in domestic enterprises; and at the same time a little less self-complacency, that they might recognise their faults and reform them.

Only a very loose thinker can confound the satir-

ist of a nation's weakness, like Haliburton, or even a caricaturist of them, like Dickens, with the pessimists who, blind to their country's resources, magnify and parade and harp upon its drawbacks. To call attention to the remediable faults of one's countrymen is the action of a friend: to advertise the irremediable disadvantages of one's country is the action of an enemy. There can be little doubt that Haliburton's satirical criticisms have borne wholesome fruit, first in some country towns and districts, and later in slow old Halifax itself. Yet, in the opinion of some observers, every one of the defects which he pointed out remains to-day, if not in the whole Province, at least in sections of it. At all events Haliburton's vicarious sarcasms had not produced the swift and signal results which he doubtless fancied he discerned, and which Sam Slick complacently notes in "Nature and Human Nature" (c. 18). "I have held the mirror up to these fellows," he says, "to see themselves in, and it has scared them so they have shaved slick up and made themselves decent * * The blisters I have put on their vanity stung 'em so, they jumped high enough to see the right road, and the way they travel ahead now is a caution to snails."

Since Haliburton's death, Dudley Warner has written his "Baddeck;" Miss Reeves has laid the scene of her "Pilot Fortune" in Digby Co.; Professor De Mille has made Nova Scotia the theatre of the adventures of the "B. O. W. C." and the "Grand Pré School;" the Abbé Casgrain has made his "Pèlerinage au Pays d'Évangeline;" and several other literary tourists have

printed their impressions of Acadie. Yet it is not too much to say that Haliburton has advertised the Province more widely and effectively than any other writer. And, except to the poet who has thrown a halo of romance around her shores, Nova Scotia is not equally indebted to any other individual for making her known throughout the English-speaking world.

A better picture of Nova Scotian life and characteristics, at the time when he wrote at all events, is given by Haliburton than by any other writer. To depict the life of to-day accurately the picture would need, of course, to be retouched; some old features would have to be erased and some new features to be painted in. Such blendings of work and fun as "raisings," "log-rollings" or "rolling frolics," "huskings," "bees," and "apple-peelings," are now obsolete or obsolescent, owing to the denser settlement of the country and the increased use of machinery. "Pickinick stirs" are replaced by more conventional and temperate picnics. When such jovial gatherings had already died out in Haliburton's time, he found the result regrettable. Men lost their cheeriness and hospitality, he thought. One of his characters notices "the injurious effect upon the health occasioned by the absence of all amusement and the substitution of fanaticism or politics in its place."

As a rule, the habits of the personages in Haliburton's tales were very different from the present habits of Nova Scotians in the matter of stimulants. In "The Old Judge" a certain County Court Justice is represented to have spent his time, while

waiting for a verdict, in drinking, first a bottle of wine, purchased by a fine which he had just imposed upon a drunken fellow who made a disturbance in Court, and afterwards a bottle of brandy, purchased by a fine which he imposed upon the prothonotary for presuming to fill his own glass first! "For my own part," observed this model Justice, "I am obliged to be very abstemious now, as I am subject to the gout. I never exceed two bottles of late years, and I rectify the acidity of the wine by taking a glass of clear brandy (which I call the naked truth) between every two of Madeira. Ah, here is the brandy, lawyer! Your very good health, sir—pray help yourself; and Mr. Prothonotary, here's better manners to you in future. *Seniores priores*, sir, that's the rule."

It was a fancy of the old Greeks that the Gods sent a judicial blindness on persons doomed to destruction, lest they might do something to avert their fate. The plausibility of this notion has been often illustrated in modern history, notably in the case of classes remaining stolidly insensible to plain and ominous signs of coming social storms. The French aristocrats, menaced by the organization of the oppressed masses, despised the gathering tempest till it had burst; and the Irish landlords long ignored the growing strength of the rent agitation. Both offered more or less reasonable compromises *too late*. To-day capitalists, threatened more and more by trades-unions, socialism, Henry-George-ism, boycotting, anarchy and dynamite, are either strangely blind or else inert and vacillating—neither offering wise and timely concessions, nor press-

ing for sternly deterrent legislation. The Tweed ring in New York actually smiled at the rising indignation of the citizens, and even asked flippantly, "What are you going to do about it?" And so in the infancy of the temperance movement publicans were generally quite blind to its vitality and importance, and even in some instances fed the flame that promised to devour them. Haliburton describes (Old Judge, c. 16) how the walls of a Nova Scotian bar-room were covered with "hand-bills calling public meetings for the promotion of temperance," and other objects.

Every here and there one or other of Haliburton's characters hits the extravagance or the hypocrisy or the grotesqueness of a certain class of temperance professors. Steve Richardson, in "The Old Judge," speaking of a reformed drunkard who was lecturing, observes that "the moment a feller reforms here he turns preacher on the principle that the greater the sinner the greater the saint." The Old Judge himself, in the chapter on the Seasons, notes one of the shams that were even then connected with the holy cause of temperance:—"In a little back room of that temperance inn, the winnings (of a horse race) are spent in the purchase of numerous 'yards of stone wall'—a name for brandy omitted in the License Law which is thus evaded or defied."

The various industries of the Province about the middle of this century may be gathered from a statement in "Nature and Human Nature" (c. 18):—

"Every place has its standing topic. At Windsor it is the gypsum trade, the St. John's steamer, the

Halifax coach, and a new house that is building. In King's County it is export of potatoes, bullocks and horses. At Annapolis cord wood, oars, staves, shingles, and agricultural produce of all kinds. At Digby, smoked herrings, fish weirs, and St. John's markets. At Yarmouth, foreign freights, berthing, rails, cat-heads, lower cheeks, wooden bolsters, and the crown, palm, and shank of anchors. At Shelburne, it is divided between fish, lumber, and the price of vessels. At Liverpool, ship-building, deals and timber, knees, transoms, and futtocks, pintles, keelsons, and moose lines. At Lunenburg, Jeddore, and Chesencook the state of the market at the capital. At the other harbours further to the eastward, the coal trade and the fisheries engross most of the conversation. You hear continually of the fall *run* and the spring *catch* of mackarel that *set* in but don't stop to *bait*. The remarkable discovery of the French coasters, that was made fifty years ago, and still is as new and as fresh as ever, that when fish are plenty there is no salt, and when salt is abundant there are no fish, continually startles you with its novelty and importance. While you are both amused and instructed by learning the meaning of coal cakes, Albion tops, and what a Chesencooker delights in, 'slack;' you also find out that a hundred tons of coal at Sydney means when it reaches Halifax one hundred and fifteen, and that West Indian, Mediterranean, and Brazilian fish are actually *made* on these shores. These local topics are greatly diversified by politics, which, like crow-foot and white-weed, abound everywhere Halifax has all sorts of talk."

The dress and character of the Chesetcook Acadians is graphically described in the 16th chapter of the same book. And the equally picturesque costume of the Digby Acadienne is sketched in "The Old Judge" (c. 16).

Among the features of the Acadian climate which our author faithfully and graphically describes are a "silver thaw" (Old Judge, c. 10); an intense frost at Halifax, with its attendant phenomena and its breaking up (*ibid.*, c. 11); and a still, hot day on the south coast (Wise Saws, c. 24). The "day on the lake" (Nature and Human Nature, cc. 10 & 11), with its quaint personages, its varied incidents and changing scenery, is perhaps the most alluring sketch of sylvan summer life in Nova Scotia that has yet appeared in prose.

There is a wholesome moral in the contrast between the big, untidy, bleak and comfortless farmhouse described in the first series of "The Clockmaker" (c. 28), and the neat, well-planned homestead, with its thrifty, hospitable, contented inmates, to whom we are introduced in the second series of the same work (c. 4). And a salutary warning to gentlemen reared in luxury who may contemplate playing the rôles of country squires in this new country is given in the pathetic picture of Captain Dechamps and his venture in the chapter entitled "The Cucumber Lake," in "Nature and Human Nature."

Not only the Provincial scenery is unchanged since Haliburton's time, but also the Provincial tendency to magnify it. Still, just as Sam Slick observed, "every sizeable hill to Nova Scotia is a mountain."

And some social characteristics also are almost unchanged. This penetrating remark of Sam Slick about Halifax holds true to-day, and it might be worth the while of tourists and temporary residents to note it :—
“A man must know the people to appreciate them. He must not merely judge by those whom he is accustomed to meet at the social board, for they are not always the best specimens anywhere, but *by those also who prefer retirement and a narrower circle, and rather avoid general society, as not suited to their taste.*”

Military and naval life, too, on this station remains almost as it was described by Haliburton, in “The Old Judge” and elsewhere. The soldiers and sailors inspire similar loves, ambitions and jealousies. Their coming creates a similar stir, and their fitting leaves similar regrets and heart-aches behind. The citizens, however, do not seem to appreciate the presence of a garrison quite so universally as they used to. There are even a few Anglophobists who, while willing to take the soldiers’ money as they accept Britain’s protection without thanks, can see no good whatever in poor Tommy Atkins. They will not even admit their deep indebtedness to him as a convenient scapegoat, on whom they from time to time heap all the sins and iniquities of the city.

The chief want of *Ireland*, as well as of Nova Scotia, in Haliburton’s opinion, was to settle down more steadily to work, and pay less attention to politics and politicians. “It is time they turned their attention to the material and not the political condition of their

country," says the American Senator Boodle in "The Season Ticket." Just before this he had observed that "there never was a people so cajoled, fooled, deceived and betrayed, as the Irish." "Poor Pat," says Slick, speaking of a certain Irishman in "Nature and Human Nature," "you were a good-hearted creature naturally, as most of your countrymen are, if repealers, patriots and demagogues, of all sorts and sizes, would only let you alone." Senator Boodle found the Irish "far more humorous at home than in America, which perhaps is also in part attributable to the circumstance of their being more industrious there, and in consequence more matter of fact."

The unsettled state of Ireland was partly due, however, to the lack of thorough fusion among Irishmen; to their too distinct division according to race and religion. The "two great bodies," said the Yankee Mr. Peabody (Season Ticket, p. 35), "can't agree in nothen. If you go for to talk of schools, they keep apart, like the two forrard wheels of a stage coach. If they come to elections, it's the same thing; if they meet, they fight; all, too, for the sake of religion; and if they assemble in a jury-box, it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. Killing comes natural, half the places in Ireland begins with Kill; there is Killboy (for all Irishmen are called boys), and what is more onmanly, there is Killbride; Killbaron, after the landlords; Killbarack, after the English soldiers; Kilcrew, for the navy; Kilbritain, for the English proprietors; Killcool, for deliberate murder, and Killmore, if that ain't enough."

The popularity of the name Jeremiah in Ireland

is undeniable, and Mr. Peabody finds the cause of this popularity in the fact that the Irish are "the boys for *Lamentations*." "It's no wonder they had a famine," he adds, "when the country raises nothen but grievances, and that's a crop that grows spontanaciously here."

Haliburton's love and appreciation for England are displayed in all his works. Sam Slick "enthused" over the beauty and freshness of English girls. The high-minded Hopewell displayed pious and touching emotion at seeing the shores of the country which he had been used, in his early days, to call "Home." According to the chronicle of "The Attaché (c. 7) his Province owed to Britons "a debt of gratitude that not only cannot be repaid, but is too great for expression. Their armies protect us within, and their fleets defend us and our commerce without. Their government is not only paternal and indulgent, but is wholly gratuitous. * * Where national assistance has failed, private contribution has volunteered its aid." "Gentle reader," he says again (c. 8), "excuse the confessions of an old man, for I have a soft spot in my heart yet, *I love Old England*." He loved, he goes on to say, her law, her church, her constitution, her literature, her people. And in the "letter from the author," in "The Letter-bag of the Great Western," it is remarked that the colonies "have experienced nothing at the hand of the English but unexampled kindness, untiring forbearance, and unbounded liberality. * * If there should be any little changes required from time to time in our limited political sphere, * a temperate and

proper representation will always produce them from the predominant party of the day, whatever it may be, if it can only be demonstrated that they are wise or necessary changes. It is the inclination as well as the interest of Great Britain so to treat us; and whoever holds out any doubts on this subject, or proclaims the mild, conciliatory and parental sway of the imperial government 'a baneful domination,' * should be considered as either an ignorant or a designing man."

But Haliburton was not blind to the faults of the British people or government. He was fond of satirising the blunders of the Colonial Office and the sometimes ludicrous ignorance of its officials about the colonies. And he lets Mr. Slick comment freely on the monotonous, material existence of the squirearchy, the mercenary attentions that are forced upon travellers, and other British faults and flaws.

It goes without saying that our author was a strong champion of the British connection, which in Sam Slick's opinion (*Clockmaker* 2, 21) should not be dissolved *even at the desire of the colonies!* Looking far ahead of his contemporaries, Haliburton put forward some strong pleas for an imperial federation. He felt that in its present state the empire was like a barrel without hoops (*Clockmaker*, 3, 19) which must be bound together more securely or else tumble to pieces; or like a bundle of sticks (*Nature and Human Nature*, c. 19) which needed to be tied or glued more firmly or they would fall apart.

"The very word dependencies," said Mr. Hopewell (*Attaché*, c. 21), and his words were endorsed by the

squire, "shows the state of the colonies. If they are retained they should be incorporated with Great Britain.

* * Now that steam has united the two continents of Europe and America, in such a manner that you can travel from Nova Scotia to England in as short a time as it once required to go from Dublin to London, I should hope for a united legislature. Recollect that the distance from New Orleans to the head of the Mississippi River is greater than from Halifax, N. S., to Liverpool, G. B. I do not want to see colonists and Englishmen arrayed against each other as different races, but united as one people, having the same rights and privileges, each bearing a share of the public burdens, and all having a voice in the general government."

A particular form of imperial federation that has many advocates to-day is thus suggested by Sam Slick (Wise Saws, c. 25):—"It shouldn't be England and her colonies, but they should be integral parts of one great whole—all counties of Great Britain. There should be no taxes on colonial produce, and the colonies should not be allowed to tax British manufactures. All should pass free, as from one town to another in England; the whole of it one vast home-market, from Hong Kong to Labrador." In "The Attaché" (c. 21) Mr. Slick observes of colonists:—"They *are* attached to England, that's a fact; keep them so by making them Englishmen. * * Their language will change them. It will be *our* army * not the English army; *our* navy, *our* church, *our* parliament, *our* aristocracy, &c., and the word English will be left out holus-bolus and that proud but endearin' word 'our' will be in-

sarted." Haliburton seems to have fretted under this subordinate status of the colonies, and to have yearned for a fuller imperial citizenship for colonists. "No, don't use that word 'our' till you are entitled to it," says the clockmaker. "Be formal and everlastin' polite. Say 'your' empire, 'your' army, &c., and never strut under borrowed plumes." Elsewhere he has compared the colonies to ponds, which rear frogs, but want only inlets and outlets to become lakes and produce fine fish. In fact the main cause of discontent among educated and self-reliant colonists, as he makes Mr. Hopewell point out (Clockmaker, 3, 19, and still more impressively, *Attaché*, c. 62) was the lack of openings for genius and ambition. On the gate of any colonial cemetery, he thought, might be aptly inscribed the stanzas,

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

"The applause of listening senates to command;
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes;

"Their lot forbad."

The Provinces are now confederated, and a Dominion political career furnishes another opening to aspiring and gifted Canadians. Yet until the name of colonist is almost and the status of a colonist altogether obsolete, some of our ambitious men must feel, with Haliburton, a "want of room—of that employment that is required for ability of a certain description"—diplo-

matic address, for instance, and international statesmanship. George Washington, Mr. Hopewell hinted, might never have led the insurgent provinces to victory, had his gifts and ambition had free vent "in other parts of the empire." The representation of the colonies in the imperial parliament would also serve to prevent dangerous disaffection: their representatives "will be safety-valves to let off steam." Our author thought the North American colonies had reached a period in their growth "when the treatment of adults should supersede that of children;" but he was not of those who wished to accept the full privileges of manhood and to shirk its obligations and responsibilities.

The doubt to-day with most imperial federationists is not whether Great Britain would grant, but whether Canada will appreciate or accept the proud status Haliburton craved for her, to be peer among the constituent states of a peerless empire.

"Ah, Doctor," said Sam Slick (Nature and Human Nature, c. 19) "*things can't and won't remain long as they are.* England has three things among which to choose for her North American colonies: First—Incorporation with herself, and representation in Parliament. Secondly—Independence. Thirdly—Annexation with the States." We have seen that Haliburton preferred the first.

Sam Slick pooh-poohed the idea of Canadian Independence in "The Clockmaker" (2, c. 16), and pronounced it utterly impracticable. But he was then speaking as an American; and even if our author personally held the same views, he might have modified

them had he lived till Canada supported a large militia and a small army, and when Confederation (which he thought an essential preliminary to Independence) was an accomplished fact. In "Nature and Human Nature" (c. 19) Mr. Slick says that independence is better for the colonies and England than annexation; "but if that is decided upon, something must be done soon. The way ought to be prepared for it by an immediate federative and legislative union of them all."

Others of Haliburton's personages speak in favor of colonial confederation. Among them is Senator Boodle (Season Ticket, c. 8), who also argues that an intercolonial railway should be constructed at once, and that "as soon as this railway is finished immediate steps should be taken to provide a safe, easy and expeditious route to Fraser's River, on the Pacific." In the first chapter of this same work the senator had prophesied a great interoceanic railway and a great metropolis at Esquimalt: "The enterprise, science and energy of the West will require and command the labor of the East, and Vancouver will be the centre where the products of both hemispheres will be exchanged. * * You have the shortest possible route and the most practicable, through your own territory, from one ocean to the other, the finest harbors in the world (Halifax and Esquimalt), abundance of coal at the termini and the most direct communication with all the eastern world."

The infinite importance of Britain and her colonies parting peaceably, if they are to part at all, was fully recognized by our author. "If the partnership is to be

dissolved," advised Mr. Slick, "it had better be done by mutual consent, and it would be for the interest of both that you should part friends. You did n't shake hands with, but fists at, us when we separated. * *

Wounds were given that the best part of a century hasn't healed, and wounds that will leave tender spots for ever." Our author did not, however, anticipate an angry parting. The holder of "the season ticket," in the book bearing that name, expresses himself as follows to an American who talks of annexing Canada: "The inhabitants of British North America would deeply deplore a severance of the connexion with Great Britain; and if such an event should ever occur, it would not arise from the annexation or conquest of their country by you, nor from a successful contest with the parent state, but from the natural course of events; in which colonies become too populous to be dependent, and their interests too complicated and important to be regulated otherwise than on the spot, by entire self-government. And be assured, if they do become independent, it will be by mutual consent and good will, and, let me add, with the mutual regret of both parties."

If our author was averse to annexation, it was from no narrow prejudice against the great American people. Indeed his imagination had conceived and his judgment had approved the very grandest of the various schemes propounded for the future of our race—an Anglo-Saxon union or alliance, dominating the world and dictating peace to the too heavily armed nations. "Now we are two great nations," remarks Mr. Slick in his quaint style (*Wise Saws*, c. 26), "the

greatest by a long chalk, of any in the world—speak the same language, have the same religion, and our constitutions don't differ no great odds. We ought to draw closer than we do. We are big enough, equal enough, and strong enough not to be jealous of each other. United, we are more nor a match for all the other nations put together, and can defy their fleets, armies and millions. Single, we could n't stand against all, and if one was to fall, where would the other be? Mournin' over the grave that covers a relative whose place can never be filled. It is authors of silly books, editors of silly papers, and demagogues of silly parties that helps to estrange us. I wish there was a gibbet high enough and strong enough to hang up all these enemies of mankind on."

Americans were generally, as our author found them, shrewd, quick, energetic, enterprising. They were generous, too, and in his opinion "those who have described the Yankees as a cold, designing, unimpassioned people, know but little of them in their domestic circles." But the Americans, he thought, were "image worshippers:" they worshipped the golden image and the American image. With them everything was for sale, and they humbugged everybody—theirself included. Many of them were ostentatious and snobbish in their own sense of the latter term. This trait of theirs he often notes and caricatures. He describes some New England factory girls who wanted to be "taken off" (*i. e.*, photographed) in company with certain alleged grand relations of theirs. Miss Sally Slick is made to address her letters to "Hon. Samuel Slick,

late of the Embassy to the Court of St. James's." This she used to do "to let some folks know who some folks are." And Mr. Slick declared that if a young English commissariat officer went to his native Onion County, Connecticut, he could marry the richest girl in it, merely on account of the imposing length of his title—Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General.

The scamps and humbugs who, all over the North American continent, used the holy cause of temperance as a profession or as a cloak, receive a good deal of notice from our author. The Rev. Mr. Hopewell laments (*Attaché*, c. 29) that "emancipation and temperance have superseded the scriptures in the States. Formerly they preached religion there, but now they only preach about niggers and rum." In the fourth chapter of "The Season Ticket" the chronicler very minutely notes and comments on the various evasions of the prohibitory law in Maine:—"The attempt to enforce the Maine Liquor Law has increased drunkenness to an alarming degree. At first, the legislature prohibited the issue of licences for the sale of fermented liquors, but this was evaded in every possible way. The striped pig was a very amusing dodge. A man advertised that he was possessed of a singular pig which was striped like a zebra, and that it was to be exhibited under canvas, at a certain price daily. Crowds pressed forward to behold this wonderful animal, but every one who entered the tent in which it was shown, expressed his indignation at having been cheated by the substitution of a common hog, that had been shaved and painted in longitudinal stripes. The keeper feigne

great regret at the disappointment and want of taste of the spectators, and begged them to accept a glass of rum and a biscuit, as some compensation for the deception. It was soon whispered about, that it was an acute evasion. The money was paid for a *sight*, in order to obtain a *taste* ; it was the admission ticket that was sold, and not the liquor. 'The law,' he said, 'did not prevent a man from being liberal to his friends.'

Another evasion was to import from the adjoining state, where this rigid law did not prevail, a coffin containing a tightly-fitting tin box, filled with brandy. When emptied of its contents it was supplied with a corpse, the victim (perhaps ?) of the poison it had previously concealed. To prevent these tricks, all persons were prohibited by penal enactments from selling spirituous liquors, unless a professional order was obtained, prescribing it as a medicine. The mere production of the order was declared to be a protection ; but the Act was silent on the subject of the qualification, or the sex of the practitioner, so every man prescribed for his neighbour, and nurses ordered it into every house they attended. In short the law was so loosely worded and so badly amended, that as soon as one hole was soldered up, another appeared, and it was never 'liquor-tight.' In my opinion it increased the evil it was designed to remedy, by adding to it fraud and hypocrisy. You may induce a man to be temperate by appealing to his reason, or his sense of right and wrong, but you can never compel him to be so by legal enactment, or pecuniary penalties. If the fine is large, it creates a sympathy for the offender, and it is paid

by subscription ; if too small, it is added to the price of the illicit spirits. If its enforcement violates personal liberty too much, and calls in the aid of inquisitorial powers, the executive officer subjects himself to personal outrage, and his property to serious depredations."

Sam Slick thus epigrammatically characterises his countrymen : "Brag is a good dog and Holdfast is a better one, but what do you say to a cross of the two ? And that's just what we are."

Americans, Haliburton thought, had no satisfactory safe-guards against popular frenzies : they lacked a clergy with stipends independent of their congregations, and a nobility and gentry with a social position too secure to be endangered by their opposing the violent whims of the populace.

Our author does not seem to have forecast that sooner or later their national shrewdness would enable Americans to discern their national dangers, with which their national energy would promptly proceed to deal.

That our author discountenanced the abolition movement, believing slaves to be generally happier than peasants, may be inferred from Slick's ridicule of "ablutionists," and still more clearly from the cynical letter of an abolitionist in "The Letter Bag of the Great Western."

Three prophecies relating to the United States were made by personages in our author's works, of which two have not and one has been already verified. There would be an uprising of the colored population ; there would be an established church (the Roman

Catholic, as successive censuses would indicate); and there would be a civil war on the question of state-rights. "General Government and State Government," said Mr. Slick, "every now and then square off and spar, and the first blow given will bring a genu-ine set-to."

* * * * *

Among Haliburton's distinctive gifts was his aptitude for aphorisms and short pithy sayings of all kinds. "Nothin'," says the clockmaker, "improves a man's manners like runnin' an election." "Reforms," says the Old Judge sarcastically, "are not applicable to reformers, for those who liberate others must themselves be free." "When ladies wear the breeches their petticoats should be long enough to hide 'em," philosophises Mr. Slick. "No man nor woman nother," opined the same philosopher, "can be a general favorite and be true." "A long face is plaguy apt to cover a long conscience," says Parson Hopewell. The only good of a college education is "to show how devilish little other people know," according to some cynic introduced by our author. And various personages of his utter the following discerning observations: "There is a private spring to every one's affections: if he can find that and touch it, the door will fly open." "A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy; the smile that accepts the lover before words are spoken, and the smile that alights on the first-born baby and assures it of a mother's love." "A good temper must be kept cool: even sugar, when fermented, makes vinegar." "Though there be more refinement in the

citizen, there is less heart than in the country man. Before you can impart its brightness to steel, you must harden its texture."

The last two quotations illustrate our author's singular and unfailing facility for finding similes and metaphors to elucidate a speaker's meaning. Let me add another quaintly expressive figure. I think it is in "The Old Judge" that somebody talks of "a dusky night, when the moon looks *like a dose of castor oil in a glass of cider*."

Here is one of the lessons of the French Revolution in a nutshell:—"Concession never stopt agitation since the world was squeezed out of a curd; it only feeds it. Throwin' sops to varmint only brings 'em back again; and when you have nothin' left to throw to 'em, they are plaguy apt to turn to and tare you to pieces."

Here and there the reader is tickled by some quaint original conceit. Some stokers on the Great Western are represented as having "sour, Cameronian-looking faces, that seem as if they were dreadfully disappointed they were not persecuted any more." A looking-glass is styled a woman's greatest enemy (*Season Ticket*, p. 286), not because it reflects falsely but because it reflects a false face. When she consults her glass, she is looking at her dearest friend and is unconsciously disposed to look her very best. Hence the mirror gives every woman an exaggerated opinion of her own attractions.

With many readers Haliburton's popularity rests upon his peculiar gifts as a *raconteur*. A good memory and a fertile imagination both aided him in construct-

ing his stories, of which many are wholly or partly true, while many are purely fictitious. "Most of the anecdotes in those books called 'The Clockmaker' and 'Attaché' are real ones," says the chronicler of the latter work (c. 52).

Sometimes our author seems to moot a subject merely to introduce an anecdote. And the connection between subject and anecdote is sometimes so thin that it might be invisible, if it were not specially pointed out. This criticism applies more particularly to the narratives of Mr. Slick, who is designed to be a somewhat inconsequent spinner of yarns, and who, indeed, once pleaded guilty to making "one of my ramblin' speeches," "with capital stories that illustrated everything but the resolution."

It would be about as impracticable to select the best dozen, or score, of Haliburton's yarns as it would be to do that favorite modern puzzle to "name the best 100 books." His tales are multitudinous. They are of all kinds and characters, and illustrate most of his characteristics, especially his ingenuity, power of imagination, and keen relish for the ludicrous.—I may be permitted, however, to refer to a few anecdotes which notably display these qualities:—to the tale of the broken-down old slave, for instance, who was cunningly persuaded to buy his freedom by his master's assurance that he was quite sound and had a deal of work in him yet, and who then sued his master for breach of warranty and forced him to refund the purchase-money; to the tale of a Mormon in *delirium tremens* (Season

Ticket) who fancied himself a "rooster" and his wives hens, and beat and pecked at the latter because they wouldn't roost on the garden fence with their heads under their wings; to the tale of the Quaker and the marine insurance money (Clockmaker, 2, 13), a nice case for casuists; to the tale of Sam Slick saving a boy's life and getting "more kicks than half-pence" as his reward (Nature and H. N., c. 4); to the tale of the Yankee who got out of a fine imposed by a grandmotherly law for smoking by brazenly denying that his cigar was alight, inducing the constable to detect his falsehood by taking a whiff himself, and then threatening the officer with a fine for his own violation of the law; to the tale of how Sam Slick learned Gaelic and taught a pretty girl English on the object lesson system (Nature and H. N., c. 5); and to the tale of the Scotch sergeant's misunderstandings and mortifications while inquiring about the name and nature of a moose (*ibid.*, c. 9).

Specimens of our author's broad and farcical humour may be found in the finale to the Governor's dinner party and in the yarn of the extemporized page's breeches, both in "The Old Judge;" and in the lady's ludicrous exhibition of fright at a thunder storm in "The Season Ticket." On one occasion Mr. Slick was sent to Italy to purchase pictures for a Yankee institution, and strongly cautioned against bringing home anything that might seem indelicate. He carried out his instructions with such carefulness that, a Virgin and a Child being among his purchases and the Child's legs being naked, he "had an artist to paint

trousers and a pair of lace boots upon him," to make him "look genteel."

Haliburton has sometimes exhibited a phase of humour which in recent years has been most amusingly illustrated by Mark Twain — affected innocence or ignorance. Thus Mr. Slick pretends to misunderstand nautical slang (Nature and H. N., c. 2), taking a number of figurative phrases literally, one after another.

To anybody who has read one of Haliburton's anecdotal works, his proneness to punning will be too patent to need illustration. Some signal instances of his capacity and his weakness for puns are found in "The Letter Bag of the Great Western:"—for instance, in the midshipman's description of the seasickness of various passengers in terms borrowed from their respective professions (No. 4); in the lawyer's clerk's letter (No. 10); and in the Preface, where the author pours a perfect torrent of postal puns on the postmaster-general, that "frank man of letters who transports the mails." The same temptation to distort words which led him to perpetrate some *double entendres* led him also to perpetrate some pretty bad puns. How strong this temptation must have been on occasions, may be gathered from his making a speaker pun while seriously protesting against the mean treatment of the loyalists in the Canadian rebellion—a subject on which Haliburton felt very deeply indeed, and to which he often recurred. "He who called out the militia," complains a colonial loyalist, "and quelled the late rebellion amid a shower of balls, was knighted. He who assented amid a shower of eggs to a bill to indemnify

the rebels, was created an earl. Now to pelt a governor-general with eggs is an overt act of treason, for it is an attempt to throw off the *yolk*."

Reckless punning marked our author's conversation as well as his writings. He was notorious for it among his classmates at College. He displayed it occasionally on the bench. A man once begged exemption from jury duty on the ground of having a certain skin disease vulgarly known as the itch. "Scratch that man!" promptly directed the judge.

Some of our author's *dramatis personæ* intrude upon the domains of Dogberry, and of Mesdames Malaprop, Ramsbottom, and Partington. Among these are Mrs. Figg and the female servant in "The Letter Bag," and an old woman in "The Season Ticket," who expresses her "symphonies" for "intosticated" persons. Old Sorrow and some other negroes introduced by our author display a similar perverted yearning to tackle big words that are more than a match for their understanding or their powers of utterance.

Many popular jests and expressions have been borrowed from Haliburton, while some which may seem taken from him may have been suggested to him by somebody else, for our author was himself an adapter as well as a creator. All I can say, therefore, of the following notions and phrases is that *I* have not noticed them in any earlier writer. In "The Old Judge," the Indian chief, Paul, explains to the Governor, who is surprised at seeing him drunk so soon again, that it is "all same old drunk." And the same wily native, on the Governor's expressing regret at some misfortune of

his, answers: "Yes, brudder, but *how much are you sorry?* Are you sorry one pound?" "Fact, I assure you," the pet phrase of the liar in Faucett Rowe's comedy of "Brass," was used by Tygart (Old Judge), by Peabody (Season Ticket) and by Mr. Slick himself. Mr. D. R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby") told me that he once made quite a hit in a stump speech by dividing the voters of his country into "men with clean shirts and Democrats." I wonder whether he had read the definitions quoted by Sam Slick of a Tory ("a gentleman every inch of him * and he puts on a clean shirt every day") and of a Whig ("a gentleman every other inch of him and he puts on an unfrilled shirt every other day").

Everybody has laughed at Topsy's idea that she was not made but "growed." About fifteen years before the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the first series of "The Clockmaker" (c. 12), a country girl, being asked where she was brought up replied in these words: "Why, I guess I wasn't brought up at all, I growed up."

The Tewksbury workhouse people (or General Butler?) may have taken the notion of tanning paupers' skins from the Connecticut pedlar mentioned in "The Season Ticket" (p. 49), who bought a nigger's body "of the sheriff on spekelation, and hired a doctor to take his hide off, and he dressed it with alum and lime, and cut it into narrow pieces and made razorstrops of it."

From time to time some wit-borrower suggests the advisability of freezing, or mesmerizing, or hypnotizing passengers as a sovereign remedy for sea-sickness. I

should like to know whether this suggestion was *first* made in the Shareholder's letter in "The Letter Bag," where it is shown that this plan would be economical for the company, as well as pleasant for the passengers.

If one wished to libel Haliburton, one might argue plausibly that he furnished the model for "Peck's Bad Boy," for there is in "The Letter Bag" an epistle from a certain *enfant terrible*, who plays a series of tricks almost as nefarious as those of Peck's monstrosity. They range from putting glass in passenger's boots, for the pleasure of hearing them swear, to removing a leaf from his father's sermon, for the pleasure of hearing "the old man" talk admiringly about "the beauty—of—the devil and all his works!"

Not only have modern funny men taken hints from Haliburton, but modern journalists have sometimes appropriated his anecdotes holus-bolus or with variations. The following from the French passenger's missive in "The Letter Bag" was adapted by one of our Nova Scotian newspapers not a year ago, and spoiled in the adapting:—"To-day steward took hold of de skylight and said 'look out.' Well I put up my head for to 'look out,' and he shut down de sash on it and gave me a cut almost all over my face with pains of glass, and said 'Dat is not de way to look out, you should have took your head *in*.' Dat is beating de English into your head wit de devil to it likewise."

A Halifax weekly, *The Critic*, announced a special Christmas number in 1885, and offered a prize for the best original story. One of the two stories between which the prize was divided was merely a *réchauffé*,

with fresh sauce and dressing, of "The Sable Island Ghost," as narrated in "Wise Saws." The tale was "told by the superintendent" to Sam Slick; and these quoted words formed the title of the *réchauffé*, which even retained a rather glaring chronological blunder of the original narrative.

Haliburton pointed the shafts of his sarcasm usually at types and classes, seldom at individuals. He saw an unoccupied field for a satirist at home, and he proceeded to occupy it. "The absurd importance attached in this country to trifles," observes one of his personages, "the grandiloquent language of rural politicians, the flimsy veil of patriotism under which selfishness strives to hide * present many objects for ridicule and satire."

Illustrations of his satiric power may be found in his sketches of the Governor's aides-de-camp in "The Old Judge," and of the Americans "who ascend the Rhine that they may have an opportunity of boasting of a larger American river" (Season Ticket, pp. 90-91); in the flood of irony which is poured upon the false distinctions between right and wrong that prevailed among another type of Americans (Clockmaker, 2, c. 10); in the "letter from a traveller before he has travelled," ridiculing superficial English observers with preconceived notions about America (Letter Bag); in the letter from a New York "Loco-foco" (*ibid*), which settles the affairs of England with self-satisfied ignorance.

Colonial bishops are not exempt from the caustic attentions of our author:—"They have (Old Judge, c.3)

one grand object in view from the moment of their landing in a colony ; and that is the erection of a cathedral so large as to contain all the churchmen of the province, and so expensive as to exhaust all the liberality of their friends ; and this unfinished monument of ill-directed zeal they are sure to place in a situation where it can be of no use whatever."

This proneness of our author to be sarcastic got him into some trouble on one occasion, for in 1827, when a school bill of his had been thrown out by the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, he designated that august body as "twelve dignified, deep-read, pensioned old ladies, but filled with prejudices and whims, like all other antiquated spinsters," etc. For this utterance he was censured in the following terms by the House of Assembly, as recorded in the Journal of the House, April 4, 1827 :—

"Thomas C. Haliburton, Esq., one of the Members for the County of Annapolis, being called upon, and having admitted that he did in this House speak the words complained of by His Majesty's Council, and afterwards publish the same ;

Resolved, therefore, unanimously: "That the House do consider the conduct of the said Thomas C. Haliburton on that occasion as highly reprehensible, and that Mr. Speaker do pass the censure of this House upon the said Thomas C. Haliburton, by publicly reprimanding him therefor at the bar of this House."

He was accordingly so reprimanded.

As a general rule, the style of our author is less terse than that of most modern American humourists

His effects are produced by ludicrous situations and grotesque conceits more often than by tricks of construction. His sentences are seldom framed to rouse the flagging attention of the reader by sudden jolts or jerks. Here and there, however, he displays the piquant flippancy and careless exaggeration of a modern paragraphist.

He used dialogue copiously, as a means to make his books and opinions popular. "Why is it," asks Sam Slick (Wise Saws, c. 19), "if you read a book to a man you set him to sleep? Just because it is a book and the language aint common. Why is it if you talk to him he will sit up all night with you? Just because it's talk, the language of natur'." And written chat, he thought, was the next best medium to oral chat for holding the attention of all classes (for "the test of a rael genu-ine good book," in Mr. Slick's opinion at least, "is that it is read in the parlour and in the kitchen.") Here is the rationale of that "conversational style" that has helped to win a circulation for so many modern society journals, and which is growing so popular with "special contributions."

Our author's dialogue, however, is not invariably suited to the character either in matter or in manner, and few of his *dramatis personæ*, if they display any peculiarities of idiom, are made to use the same dialect consistently throughout. Even the spelling that is used to convey provincial mispronunciations is capriciously varied. And our author's characters sometimes stray from the main subject of discussion with an abruptness that in real life would surprise and offend.

In these particulars Haliburton displays the carelessness and want of finish which are among his chief defects. Another fault also arising from carelessness is his too frequent repetition, both of ideas and forms of expression.

When Haliburton exerted himself, he was capable of rising to a high degree of eloquence and impressiveness. When he wrote carelessly he was liable to become diffuse or stilted. Similar comments have been made by men who have heard him speak. His ordinary speeches are said to have been little above the average, while parts of his set orations, notably of his plea for abolishing the test oath in Nova Scotia, were powerful and impressive in the extreme.

Nothing militates more strongly or more unfairly against a full recognition of our author's talents than the fact that he was not a success in the Imperial Parliament. But this was simply because none of his best speeches were made in the House of Commons. In 1859, when he was elected for Launceston, he was over 62 years old—an age at which most eminent men, having regard to their reputation only, would be wise to rest upon their laurels. And Haliburton had been too self-indulgent a liver to be exceptionally vigorous at the beginning of his old age. Besides, by this time his success had probably made him too self-complacent to think it needful to give much thought or labor to his speeches. His tendency to wander from the subject had increased. Commenting on a speech of his made in Committee of Ways and Means, April 25, 1861, Mr. Bernal Osborne observed that he had "touched upon

nearly every topic except the issue which is immediately under our consideration. The hon. and learned gentleman is a man famous for his literary ability," continued Mr. Osborne, "and as the author of works of fiction which are universally read; but I must say that after the exhibition which he has made to-night, he had, in my opinion, better undertake another edition of 'The Rambler.'"

Our author is sometimes vivid and brilliant in his descriptions of nature. Witness his detailed contrast between the scenery of the White Mountains and the storied and varying beauties of Killarney, in "The Season Ticket" (pp. 31-32). But he makes more hits as a portrait than as a landscape painter. The sketch of a girl's "company face" (*ibid.*, p. 327) is admirable, and so is the hypocritical thief's make up, to impose upon the jury, in "The Clockmaker" (2, c. 10). In "The Attaché" Sam Slick takes off, in a few characteristic touches, the popular Cheltenham preacher who advertises the frivolous gaieties of the place by violently denouncing them; and the fashionable Cheltenham doctor who dexterously humours the whims of his hypochondriac patients and, through the gratitude of his professional brethren, constantly "gains new patients by praising every London doctor individually, and only damning them in a lump." There is a broken-down, drunken, soured remnant of what was once an English scholar and gentleman introduced in a single chapter of "The Clockmaker" (2, c. 19). The portrait is almost too gloomy to reproduce in its entirety, but it is wondrously true to nature—the spendthrift generosity, the

impatience of Yankeeisms, the fretful outbursts of jaundiced eloquence :—

“ ‘Curse the *location*,’ he exclaimed, ‘there is no location like Old England.’ ” “ ‘On this side the water’ ” he found “ ‘nothing approaching the class of gentry. * What little they have here, sir, are second hand airs copied from poor models that necessity forces out here. It is the farce of high life below stairs, sir, played in a poor theatre to a provincial audience.’ ” And again he speaks bitterly of “ ‘the sickly wax-work imitation of gentility here, the faded artificial flower of fashion, the vulgar pretension, the contemptible struggle for precedence. Poor as I am, humble as I am, and degraded as I am—for I am all three now—I have seen better days and * * I know what I am talking about. There’s nothing beyond respectable mediocrity here * * Little ponds never hold big fish ; there is nothing but pollywogs, tadpoles, and minims in them. Look at them as they swim thro’ the shallow water of the margins of their little muddy pool, following some small fellow an inch long, the leader of the shoal, that thinks himself a whale. * * Go to every press, and see the stuff that is printed ; go to the people, and see the stuff that is uttered or swallowed, and then, tell me this is a *location* for anything above mediocrity.’ ”

“ ‘What keeps you here then ?’ said Mr. Slick, ‘if it is such an everlastin’ miserable country as you lay it out to be ?’ ‘I’ll tell you, sir,’ said he, and he drained off the whole of the brandy, as if to prepare for the effort—‘I will tell you what keeps me,’ and he placed his hand on his knees and looking the Clock-

maker steadily in the face until every muscle worked with emotion—"I'll tell you, sir, if you must know—my misfortune.'" Then he fell from his chair.

Next to Sam Slick himself the Reverend Mr. Hopewell is the personage with whom we are made most intimate in the pages of Haliburton. Mr. Hopewell is *morally* consistent throughout. We are given his character in pieces, but the pieces fit. He utters no ignoble sentiment and does no questionable deed. No Puritan, he used to say that youth, innocence and cheerfulness were the Three Graces. "The sight of the sea, a great storm, a starry sky or even a mere flower" would send him into a reverie or rouse him to an ecstasy. He thundered like a Hebrew prophet against the impious notion of utilizing the water-power of Niagara. His saintly tolerance did not prevent his telling his pharisaic flock their besetting sins and weaknesses. Displaced by them, he strove to persuade himself that *he* was at fault and not *they*: he would rather have found himself in the wrong than believe them so base and ungrateful. In this true evangelist, it is likely that Haliburton reproduced some traits of his revered friend the Abbé Segogne.

It must be admitted, however, that this American clergyman is sometimes made to display an almost incredibly *minute* intimacy with Canadian and British politics and personages. He knows, for example, all about Lord Durham and Mr. Poulett Thompson—their acts, characters and inner motives. Very possibly our author wished to fortify his own political opinions by the endorsement of so high-minded an observer. A

slight oversight is also noticeable in regard to Mr. Hopewell's age. In the second series of "The Clock-maker" (c. 15) he declares himself to be ninety-five. Yet in "The Attaché," a work written five years later and recording subsequent events, he is represented as going to England with Mr. Slick and delighting the natives by his sermons and discourses.

* * * * *

In most respects Sam Slick is a typical wide-awake Yankee man of business.

He is shifty and versatile. When he wants to get a particular deck seat on a steamer, he inquires innocently if a certain sail in sight can be a Chinese junk. The occupant of the coveted seat crosses the deck and joins the curious crowd who are gazing at the mysterious craft. Slick takes the seat and, when it is reclaimed, pretends ignorance of the English language! When living at Boston, he has a fast horse which will not cross a bridge because it has once fallen through one. This horse he sells for a high figure, advertising, with literal truth, that he would not sell it at any price *if he did not want to leave Boston*. Another fast trotter of his has "the heaves." Slick advertises that his only reason for selling is that the animal is "too *heavey* for harness." The unwary buyer returns to reproach Slick, and only loses some more money by betting that the latter had advertised the horse as too *heavey* for harness. At a time when there is a high duty of 30 per cent. on lead, and no duty on works of art, he realizes a very handsome sum by investing heavily in leaden

busts of Washington, and melting the Father of his Country after he has passed the custom-house.

Sam Slick feels a keen pleasure in "besting" a body in a trade—especially when the other party thinks himself knowing and wary. To take in another "down-Easter" was to him an ecstatic triumph. He compares it (Clockmaker 3, 12) with great minuteness to coaxing a shy fish to take the bait. "There's nothin' a'most I like so much as to see folk cheat themselves," he says in another place. It is by his suggestion that Ichabod Gates manages to sell his goods to his townspeople at twice their cost, by binding each customer to keep the secret of his selling *so cheap!*

He is often discursive in his yarns and sometimes indirect in his bargaining; but like a good sporting dog, as he says of himself, if he did beat about the bush, he generally put up the birds.

He wants to turn everything to practical use. At Niagara he is struck *first* by the water-power, and secondly by the grandeur of the Falls! In noting the beauties of Mount Auburn Cemetery at Boston, he does not omit that it is "the grandest place for courtin' in I know of, it's so romantic."

He flatters, wheedles, and "soft-sawders" everlastingly; but he never cringes to anyone.

He is a shrewd and close observer, of character as well as of externals, of classes as well as of individuals. So keen are his perceptions that he is enabled, after only a short experience in the new field of London fashionable life, to formulate the cynical "rules of so-

ciety " which are to be found in Chapter 35 of "The Attaché."

Conceited and boastful of his country, he saw some of its faults and dangers, and criticised it freely himself. In one of his bilious moods he denies that it is the attractions of the United States that draw so large an immigration: "It's nothin' but its power of suction; it's a great whirlpool—a great vortex—it drags all the straw and chips and floatin' sticks, driftwood and trash into it." But, if he abused it himself, he would not let others abuse it. He was particularly down upon tourists making superficial observations in his country in search of "facts" to verify their preconceived ideas. He dearly loved to "bam" these gentry by such shocking tales as the "Gouging School" and the "Black Stole," which he tells in the 20th chapter of "The Attaché."

Illustrating the desirability of travelling in a cheerful, instead of a censorious frame of mind, he observes that "the bee, though he find every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles; and why shouldn't other tourists do the same?" Our author, it will be noticed, has endowed Sam Slick with his own unfailing knack of hitting on an apt simile at will.

Self-conceited, Mr. Slick was too sublimely so to be conscious of the failing. "That he is a vain man cannot be denied—self-taught men are apt to be so everywhere," says his chronicler. Some of Slick's boastfulness is doubtless due to his comfortable confidence in himself. But some of it is put on with a definite

purpose. "Braggin'," observes our shifty New-Englander in "Nature and Human Nature," "*saves advertisin'*;" it makes people talk and think of you, and incidentally of your wares. "I always do it," confesses Slick; "for, as the Nova Scotia magistrate said, who sued his debtor before himself, 'what's the use of being a justice, if you can't do yourself justice?'"

But, observes his chronicler, "like most clever men, he prided himself less upon what he did than upon what he did not know, and was more ambitious of being considered a man of fashionable manners than a skilful mechanic, an expert salesman, or a shrewd, intelligent man." This trait reminds one of Congreve, who, when he received a visit from Voltaire, says Dr. Johnson, "disgusted him by the despicable foppery of desiring to be considered, not as an author, but as a gentleman; to which the Frenchman replied 'that if he had been only a gentleman, he should not have come to visit him.'"

When Slick, as attaché to the American Legation, has become a regular party-goer in London, he becomes proud of his position, and attempts to suit himself to his environment by gaudy overdressing. At this juncture his father, animated by another weakness not unknown among Americans, comes inopportunately to visit him. "Colonel" Slick has undertaken the costly task of proving his title to a supposititious peerage. At the advent of this uncouth relation Sam could sympathise with the young lady who "wasn't at all exclusive, but was really obliged to draw the line at pa." Sam, however, though mortified, is far too manly to give the cold shoulder to his parent, though he does attempt to bottle

him up with much tact and some success. But the old man commits himself sometimes, notwithstanding, as when the hero of Bunker Hill sought an interview with the hero of Waterloo, and advised the great duke to sleep with his son Sam, as the latter was a wonderfully cute man and wise counsellor.

Sam Slick is hardly the typical Yankee of his time when he pours contempt and ridicule on the mock modesty and suggestive squeamishness of so many of his countrymen. "Fastidiousness," he says in "Nature and Human Nature," "is the envelope of indelicacy. To see harm in ordinary words betrays a knowledge and not an ignorance of evil." Once, at least, his antipathy to false refinement carried Slick too far—when he makes an ultra-proper spinster wax playful and familiar by suggesting, in purposely misleading terms, that she has made a conquest. This in my opinion is the most unworthy action recorded of Mr. Slick, and I am glad to say he had the grace to be ashamed of it.

In religion Slick detests cant, and distrusts those who use it. He likes to expose sanctimonious humbugs. Hypocrisy, he thinks, "has enlisted more folks for Old Scratch than any recruitin' serjeant he has" (*Attaché*, c. 36). "When the fox turns preacher," he observes in "Wise Saws," "the geese had better not go to night meetin's." He considers ascetic morality impracticable, and to preach it injurious, for the masses. "Puritans," he says in "Nature and Human Nature," "whether in or out of church make more sinners than they save by a long chalk. They aint content with real sin * * Their eyes are like the great magnifier


at the Polytechnic, that shows you awful monsters in a drop of water, which were never intended for us to see, or Providence would have made our eyes like Lord Rosse's telescope." Of sects he says, "Call 'em this dictionary name and that new-fangled name, but give me the tree that bears the best fruit." Of sermons he observes, "I don't like preaching to the narves instead of to the judgment." He is a little cynical in some particulars. He traces the influence of the clergy to having the women on their side, and, in a story which he tells, the Reverend rascal Meldrum attributes the prosperity he enjoys for a season to his soft-sawdering the gentle sex. Sometimes Slick is actually irreverent, as for instance in his speculations on negroes' souls, which he locates in their heels.

Slick believes in treating criminals summarily, and even in lynching on occasion. He uses drastic measures with bullies, bad boys, and balky horses. He holds that there are "no good scholars since birch rods went out of school and sentiment went in."

"So he won't leave the vessel, eh?" said Skipper Love, Slick's friend and co-believer in effective energy. "Well, a critter that won't move must be made to go, that's all. There's a motive power in all natur'. There's a current or a breeze for a vessel, an ingine for a rail-car, necessity for poverty, love for the feminine gender, and glory for the hero. But for men I like persuasion. It seems to convene better with a free and enlightened citizen. Now here," said he, opening his closet and taking out his rope-yarn, "here is a persuader that nothing can stand. Oh, he won't come, eh? well we'll see!"

Mr. Slick was an outrageous and successful flirt, and could blarney like an Irishman. He believed with Byron that impudence—"brisk confidence" the poet calls it—was the quality most effective with woman. He gives a philosophic reason for this belief in "Nature and Human Nature" (c. 14):—"She didn't know whether it was impudence or admiration; but when a woman arbitrates on a case she is interested in she always gives an award in her own favor." For sour and sulky females, however, he approved of stern discipline. He even once whipped a shrew. Women, he asserted, require "the identical same treatment" as horses. "Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious ones, but lather the sulky ones like blazes." To this resemblance of women to horses in disposition, and the desirability of treating them alike, he recurs several times. In "The Season Ticket," Jemmy, a London hearse-driver declares—and the sentiment certainly seems more natural in an Englishman of the lower classes than in a typical Yankee—that "it's better to have the wife under the whip than on the lead, and to have her well under command than for her to take the bit into her mouth and play the devil." And still another of our author's characters, in the last chapter of this his latest work, argues, in favor of divorce, that if one may swap or change an unmanageable horse, *a fortiori* one should be allowed to get rid of an unmanageable wife. For, he says, "a horse don't pretend to be better than it is; *it* is no hypocrite * * But a woman aint so easy judged of, I can tell you."

Yet Mr. Slick is not an habitual detractor of the



fair sex; he admits the faith, patience, courage and gratitude of women, and he is particularly fond of their society.

Constantly urging people to work and make money, he yet sees that sudden riches often beget false pretentiousness and conceit: "A cabbage," he says, "has plaguy large leaves to the bottom, and spreads them out as wide as an old woman's petticoats, to hide the ground it sprung from and conceal its extraction." When he becomes rich himself, he avoids ostentation and often uses his money in doing kindly acts. Indeed he is generally amiable, except to fops, drones, braggarts, hypocrites, and detractors of his country. He helps and cheers (Wise Saws, c. 13) a man who had given up the battle of life, complaining that it was vain to swim forever against the current. "Try an eddy," he advised, in one of the happiest of his many happy metaphors; "you ought to know enough of the stream of life to find one, and then you would work up river as if it was flood-tide. At the end of the eddy is still water."

To believe that any human being, much less one who starts life under considerable disadvantages, could know all that Mr. Slick *says* he knows, would tax one's credulity overmuch. So various indeed are his accomplishments "that he seems to be not one but all mankind's epitome." He is equally at home in the politics of England, Canada and the United States. He paints, he plays the piano and the bugle, he dances, he is skilled in wood-craft and angling, he rows and paddles neatly, he shoots like Leather Stocking or Dr. Carver. He

can speculate in any line with equal success. He has a fair smattering of medicine and chemistry. He offers a hawker of cement a much better receipt, of his own invention. He has been in almost every country, including Poland, South America, and Persia. In the latter country he has learned the art of stupifying fishes and making them float on the surface. He dyes a drunken hypocrite's face with a dye which he got from Indians in "the great lone land;" and when the hypocrite repents he has a drastic wash ready to efface the stain. "I actilly larned French in a voyage to Calcutta," he says, "and German on my way home." He knew a little Gaelic too, which he had learned on a new and agreeable system that, unfortunately, would never do in the public schools.

At Rome in Juvenal's time it was the hungry Greek, in Johnson's "London" it was the "fasting monsieur," who knew all the sciences. And let it be granted that the typical Jack-of-all-trades in this century and on this continent is the inquisitive and acquisitive Yankee. Yet Sam Slick beats the record of his shifty countrymen. He has been everywhere where a lively reminiscence can be located, and he is endowed with any art or attainment which comes in handy "to point a moral or adorn a tale," to snub a snob or help a friend.

He understands every phase of human nature, male and female, black, white and red, high and low, rich and poor. He is equally familiar with every social *stratum*. In "Nature and Human Nature" he minutely describes two picnics soon after each other.

At one of them the belles are Indian half-breeds, at the other fashionable Halifax young ladies. The ex-clock-maker has presumably obtained the *entrée* into the illogically exclusive society of Halifax. At all events he shows a minute knowledge of its various phenomena, not omitting the customary airs of a military *parvenu*.

I am afraid that this over-equipment of his hero is due to carelessness or forgetfulness on Haliburton's part. When Mr. Slick credits himself in all gravity with each new accomplishment, I do not think that, in the author's intention, he is only adding another fib to his record. Were this so, lying would be his most prominent characteristic. Now Slick is quite capable of using ambiguous terms to help him to dispose of a horse or a clock, but I am mistaken if he is meant to be viewed as a serious and habitual liar.

To draw the long bow for the sake of making fun, or with a wink to his hearers, as it were, is quite another thing, and of this pastime Mr. Slick was very fond. "Once," he said, "I drawed a mutton chop so nateral that my dog broke his teeth in tearing the panel to pieces to get at it; and at another time I painted a shingle so like stone that, when I threw it in the water, it sunk right kerlash to the bottom." He imposes upon a certain great linguist by professing to know *all* the North American Indian dialects, and informs him that the redskins form new words by "gummification," a term which should be used in Indian grammar, he says, in preference to "agglutination," because glue was unknown and gum well known to the Indians! The best glue in America, he gravely

adds, is made from negro hides ; whence the saying "It sticks like grim death to a dead nigger." In another place he traces the origin of the phrase "he's been through the mill" to a local accident at Slickville.

But if Sam Slick, as might be guessed from these last incidents, is not a trustworthy etymologist, he is a past-master of slang. His sayings are quoted widely, to illustrate colloquial terms, all through Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms." Some of Slick's slangy expressions are very original and forcible, as for example the following :—"If I had a got hold of him, I'd a lammed him wuss than the devil beatin' tan-bark !"

He confesses that he hates poets, "lock, stock and barrel." As he sometimes purposely shocks the British sense of decorum by his Yankee irreverence, so he likes to ruffle one's sentimentality by some anti-poetical simile. Poets have thought of figure after figure to describe the changing music of a running stream. Here is Slick's contribution—"the noise water makes tumblin' over stones in a brook, a splutterin' like a toothless old woman scoldin' with a mouthful of hot tea in her lantern cheek !"

It is hard to determine in some cases whether Sam Slick's utterances are intended to illustrate his character, or merely to voice the author's personal views. This doubt of course arises only when the clockmaker utters sentiments equally or more in keeping with another character than his own—with that for instance of an Englishman or Nova Scotian, or of a well-read and well-bred gentleman. There is, however, a specially strong probability that Haliburton generally en-

dorsed Sam Slick's criticisms on Nova Scotia. As a politician, our author had learned to dread that many-headed monster, a constituency, and to show outward respect for popular weaknesses. He would naturally shrink from lashing the pet failings of his countrymen openly, and would find it expedient to tell them unpalatable truths through the medium of a foreign observer. For the clockmaker's satiric utterances—so often grotesquely and *purposely* exaggerated—the public could not hold him responsible. "A satirist," says Sam Slick in "Nature and Human Nature," speaking of his already published sayings and doings, "a satirist, like an Irishman, finds it convenient sometimes to shoot from behind a shelter." And again, in the same book, he observes to "the Squire," who was a Nova Scotian:—"If *you* was writin' and not me you would have to call Halifax, to please the people, that flourishing great capital," and so forth. For these reasons I have treated Slick's views about Nova Scotia and Nova Scotians elsewhere, with the personal opinions of our author. Enough to say here, to complete this list of Mr. Slick's traits, that it went against his grain to see a Province giving its scant enthusiasm too exclusively to politics, and wasting its energies in pressing the government to create prosperity, instead of seizing the existing openings for industry, as he and other wide-awake Yankees were so profitably doing.

* * * * *

That so young a country as Nova Scotia should have reared so great a writer as Haliburton is some-

what surprising. To what additional eminence he might have attained, had his earlier efforts been addressed to a more critical circle, must remain a matter of conjecture. But it is not unlikely that he might have taken rank among the very greatest literary names of the century, had he had higher educational advantages and a more stimulating literary environment at the outset of his career. As it was, Haliburton generally wrote forcibly, and often smoothly and classically while in detached passages he could be terse and even brilliant. But the attractions of his style are not sustained, and he is sometimes a little slipshod or diffuse. He is accordingly still more to be admired as a humorist than as a writer, and more than either, perhaps, as a thorough student and acute judge of human nature. He noted with almost equal keenness and accuracy the idiosyncrasies of individuals, classes and nations. He intuitively recognised the tendencies of the age; he observed the currents of public opinion, and gauged their volume and their force with approximate correctness. He foretold some important events that have happened already and others that seem extremely probable to-day.

I have only touched lightly and incidentally on what strike me as being his faults—his self-complacency, his discursiveness, his repetitions, the inconsistencies in his characters, the lack of thoroughness in his historical researches, his occasional stooping to indelicacy. I felt that they bear but a small ratio to the merits of this greatest of Canadian writers. And if some too industrious hands—some other hands than

mine—shall at any future time undertake to unfold his frailties in more detail, then British loyalists will not forget that he believed in guarding for ever the imperial birthright whose grandeur he was great enough to understand. And all they who stand by the mother of nations will feel that his sins—which were *not* many—should be forgiven him, for that he hath loved her much.

CHRONOLOGICAL OUTLINE.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON, son of Justice W. H. O. Haliburton, was born at Windsor, N. S., Dec. 17, 1796; educated at Windsor Grammar School and subsequently at King's College, where he matriculated in 1810 and graduated (B. A.) in 1815; called to the bar in 1820; member of the House of Assembly for Annapolis (where he had been practising law) 1826 to 1829; Chief Justice of the Inferior Courts of Common Pleas for the Middle Division of Nova Scotia, 1829 to 1841; Judge of the Supreme Court in 1841; resigned judgeship and took up his residence in England in 1856; received honorary degree of D. C. L. at Oxford, 1858; M. P. for Launceston 1859-1865; died at Gordon House, Isleworth, on the Thames, Aug. 27, 1865.

Judge Haliburton married (1) Louisa, daughter of Capt. Neville, late 19th Light Dragoons, and (2) Sarah Harriet, daughter of W. M. Owen, Esq., (of Woodhouse, Shropshire) and widow of E. H. Williams, Esq., (of Eaton Mascott, Shrewsbury).

The dates of his works are given in the preceding essay.



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